



"Let no one suggest that we British have not as great an interest as the U S in waging war against Japan. It is the duty of those charged with the direction of the war to overcome at the earliest possible moment the military, geographical and political difficulties and begin the process . . . of laying the cities and other munitions centers of Japan in ashes. And in ashes they must surely lie before peace comes back to the world."

—Prime Minister WINS-
TON CHURCHILL, ad-
dressing U S Congress.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*



The 267,000 Axis prisoners garnered in Tunisia throws spotlight on complex problem of war prisoners. Tho not generally known, many thousands of German and Italian prisoners have been in U S concentration camps for months. Thousands more will be shipped here.

Suggestion they be put to work on U S farms is not simple as it sounds, although some plan may be worked out thru agricultural agents in areas near prison camps. Farming is individual enterprise. Problem of guarding small groups on many farms would be difficult. Some might be used on voluntary basis during harvesting season (as they were last wk in flood control).

Our treatment of prisoners will be somewhat conditioned by enemy's treatment of ours. Germany now has about 150,000 English prisoners, a sprinkling of Americans. They're checked periodically by International Red Cross. As we invade Europe, probabilities are Axis may capture more prisoners than Allies.

Terms of Geneva Conference, amended in '29, provide prisoners shall be paid same salary soldiers of captor's army receive "or paid according to any separate agreement". (England pays German prisoners about 50c a day.) Such treaties are worthless unless reciprocal. Germany treats English prisoners well because England holds Germans in pawn. She abuses 1,500,000 French with impunity; enslaves 1,200,000 Polish war prisoners on ground that Polish gov't no longer exists thus internat'l conventions don't apply.

WORLD WEEK

Quote prophesies . . .

FOOD: We have never been optimistic on '43 production prospects. Midwest flood disaster now makes absolutely certain that this yr's agricultural production will be *far below* the '42 yield.

ATTU: We will clear out Japs in *much less time* and with fraction of casualties suffered at Guadalcanal.

UMW-AFofL: Lewis will eventually be welcomed back into fold. Move has obvious advantages for all concerned. Lewis is thinking of '44 presidential election!

Some commentators, speculating on contents of note Pres Roosevelt has dispatched to Jos Stalin, via Ambassador Davies, believe U S and Britain may be seeking bombing base on Kamchatka peninsula, in return for 2nd front in Europe. We don't believe 2nd front this summer is conditioned on any such horse trade, but advantages of the Russian base are obvious. If Stalin can be sold idea that this is time to slug Japan, this should do much to speed tempo of global war. Such a move would fan smoldering Russo-Jap conflict on Manchoukuo border, and Russia must be prepared for this.

On other hand, if we can force Germany to abandon or minimize summer campaign in Caucasus thru a series of European invasions, Red army may feel justified in taking the risk for the sake of keeping dangerous enemy in check.

ITALY: Out of a welter of rumors and counter-rumors one solid fact emerges: Italy is completely demoralized; has lost all confidence in her ability to put up an effective defense. Certainly, Italy would like to get out of the war. That there is a Fascist faction scheming to that end, is highly probable. (There is even a persistent rumor, sponsored by well-placed individuals, that Count Ciano was "positively identified" at Casa Bianca in Jan.)

That Hitler should abandon Italy at this stage seems—on a basis of pure logic—incomprehensible. The strategic advantages thus gained

by the Allies would be second only to world-rocking psychological repercussions.

At any rate, surprising developments appear imminent.

SPAIN: Spanish navy is not a formidable factor, but if early reports of the naval fire at Ferrol are borne out, this loss of several units will further shift balance of power in Medeterranean in Allied favor.

ARGENTINA: People of this nation are, and have been pro-Allied. There's general agreement that they will make their power felt at election in Sept. However, if developments continue favorable to Allies, it is not improbable that astute Castillo gov't may turn our way, to rob political opponents of an issue. (Chile, whice severed relations in Jan with Axis nations, this wk broke with France, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, because of their totalitarian leanings.)

COAL SITUATION: As we said fortnight ago, Lewis is already a winner. To put it bluntly, he has licked the Administration, and though he will not get (and didn't expect to get) all he asked, further concessions will be made. Sparring between Ickes and mine chief will continue covertly, culminating in some sort of face-saving gesture.

TAXES: Despite Republican insistence, we look for a compromise bill which will receive President's signature—thankfully.

Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted"—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

"Poultry-raising is an essential industry, but baby-chick raising is not."—Response of a draft board to an application for deferment, reported in *Oregon Journal*.

" "

"Housing and hangovers."—Rep. EARL WILSON (Ind.) citing two primary reasons for industrial absenteeism. He said problem of inadequate housing of industrial workers is being solved; called on individual patriotism to control excessive use of alcohol.

" "

"I have an uneasy feeling the belief is spreading that the people are not capable of governing themselves."—JAMES A FARLEY.

" "

"I have lost confidence in them."—ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, commenting on a certain Communistic element of the American Youth Congress.

" "

"A man can be ferocious as hell back home on three hot meals a day, but it takes guts to live in a fox-hole in the rain eating cold rations."—Gen GEO E ("Blood & Guts") PATTON.

" "

"We flatter the Hun too much. He uses the air badly. He doesn't understand the air as a weapon. I predict that the Luftwaffe will be the first German military arm to crack completely."—Sir ARTHUR W TEDDER, commander, Allied Air Forces in N Africa.

" "

"There would be no strikes in America, if America had ever been blitzed."—Dr. CARL J HAMBRO, pres, Norwegian Parliament.

"May we
Quote
you on that?"

"Any time he (Ickes) tries to keep us from using this area, he'd better be sure his escorts aren't 90-day wonders (summer park rangers) packing shotguns. We aren't fooling!"—CLIFFORD HANSEN, sec'y, Jackson Hole (Wyo) Cattle & Horse ass'n. The ass'n resents Ickes action in converting Jackson Hole country into a nat'l monument.

" "

"I can't read them letters, but give me a .22 rifle and I'll shoot out every one of 'em."—PETE PROVOST, veteran Mich trapper, who sought employment in war industry, but couldn't pass literary test. He got a job.

" "

"Forget your diet. You must keep up your strength." — Counsel of CALIFORNIA SHIPBUILDING CORP'N to women workers.

" "

"Until there is an internat'l conscience, there can be no internat'l state."—ROBT M HUTCHINS, pres, U of Chicago.

" "

"The Alaskan war zone is probably the healthiest front in the world."—Dr DWIGHT M YOUNG, army doctor, with U S forces in Aleutians.

"... because their faces are longer these days."—Reason given by Dutch barbers charging Nazis an extra nickel for a shave.

" "

"Headlines these days tell of new OPA 'efforts' to reduce the cost of living. Unfortunately you can't serve headlines at the dinner table."—From a page ad sponsored by United Auto Workers, a CIO affiliate.

" "

"We have not yet won this war, and we must not withhold any human effort in fighting it."—FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT, in a message to Civilian Defense volunteers.

" "

"What's this, a stove?"—DUKE OF WINDSOR, confronted by his first juke box, in a N J rural area.

" "

"Men must be taught to kill without compunction, and if possible to get a little fun out of it."—A General in an American Army training camp, quoted by DICK THORNBURG, NEA correspondent.

" "

"There is glory for us all in this achievement." — Gen DWIGHT D EISENHOWER, in a statement from N Africa, directed to American industrial workers.

" "

"You'll be asking next to watch me take my bath."—FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT, commenting on insistence of press, in seeking admission to internat'l food conference.

Quote

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Presidential Situation

MARK SULLIVAN

At this time, the Republicans continue to be disposed, on the whole, to nominate Gov Bricker of Ohio. Gov. Dewey, of N Y, has said formally he will not be a candidate in '44. Gov Stassen, of Minn, has entered the Navy. Both these men are out of the picture unless some development leads to a draft of their services. Wendell Willkie has made statements privately which lead newspaper men and others to believe that in due course he will make an aggressive fight for the nomination.

The convention will not be held until next June. In the interval, many things can happen and some are certain to.

In the Democratic party everything begins with Pres Roosevelt. Prevailing opinion is that he will try a 4th term. As to the nomination, probably he can get it.

A majority of Democratic leaders, as distinct from New Dealers, oppose nominating Mr Roosevelt. But not all who feel this way will make their opposition active. Many will be candidates themselves, for House, Senate and other offices. A man in this position hesitates to put himself openly in opposition to the head of the party. He does not like to seem to repudiate his party Pres. A man running for Congress does not like to have a record of disapproval of the man who is head of the ticket.

Going after the nomination himself is about the only way Mr Roosevelt can exert his influence on the party. If he were to try to nominate somebody else, he would fail utterly. His power in the party is personal. It was difficult enough for him to nominate Mr Wallace for vice-president. Unless Mr Roosevelt takes the nomination himself, it will not go to a New Dealer.

AGE

Nearly two-thirds of all the greatest deeds ever performed by human beings—the victories in battle, the greatest books, the greatest pictures and statues—have been accomplished after the age of 60.—ALBERT EDW WIGGAM, in his syndicated feature, *Let's Explore Your Mind*.

AMERICA

What's wrong with America that it must be overhauled? . . . Without the kind of America that has existed 150 yrs, the Axis would now control Europe and Asia, and have a 1st mortgage on the Western hemisphere. What's wrong with America? *Nothing!*—Editorial, *Hoo-sier Farmer*, 5-43.

APATHY—Christian

My doctor (who had been a missionary) told me that a few nights before a Negro had been brought into the hospital dying of a knife wound after a drunken fracas. He was a known bully, worthless. But the hospital, tho it had no hope of saving him, and tho he was a drunken ne'er-do-well, employed its most expensive methods; did all it could have done for anyone—out of professional loyalty and keenness.

My doctor wished that Christians and Churches were as unlimited in their sacrifice and their commitments.—WM PATTON, D D (Sec'y Internat'l Missionary Council)—*The Church And The New Order* (Macmillan).

BRAVERY—in Battle

"The first element of what they call bravery is really a kind of optimism." (Going into the Dieppe raid) "I didn't really think I was going to get killed. I don't believe a single man in any one of those boats thought he was going to get it. . . That's the thing that brings you up to the action—sort of pays your carfare to the battlefield."—C B WALL, quoting "A Commando Raider's Story", *Yale Review*, Spring '43.

CONTRARINESS

One brand of native American philosophy might be called individual contrariness. The American radical (should) have a fair share of this. It was one of his

Return of the Wooden Soldiers

The weather was hot and humid and the recruits were raw and ragged, and after two hours of strenuous drilling everyone's nerves were frayed.

The drill sergeant addressed the men:

"Now listen, you recruits, I'm going to tell you a true story. When I was a little boy I had a set of wooden soldiers. I was very attached to those wooden soldiers, but it so happened that there was a poor, little boy on our street and he liked them too. Well, on Sunday I went to church and the preacher so impressed me with his sermon that I went straight home and gave my wooden soldiers to the poor boy down the street.

"I missed those soldiers so much that, to comfort me, my mother said, 'Don't worry, son, you'll get your little wooden soldiers back some day.'"

Then the sergeant glared at the men before him and said, "Well you guys, that day has arrived!"—A UP dispatch from Langley Field, Va.

breed, in earlier times, who was stopped by a friend on his way to town meeting: "Don't you know, Ed" said the friend "there ain't no use going to that meeting? Doc Barnes and his crowd are in control. You can't make no headway agin' 'em."

"That's all right" said Ed complacently. "I can worry 'em some." —JAS B CONANT (Pres, Harvard U) "Wanted: American Radicals", *Atlantic*, 5-43.

DISCIPLINE

Soldiers at Camp Davis, N. C., were detailed to move library books to a new location. They did. All but one titled, *You Can't Take It With You*.—*Ft Devens Digest*.

DISEASE—Venereal

Syphilis and gonorrhea are not lonely diseases like heart trouble. Active venereal disease is as much a public concern as unclean food or bad water. —ELEANOR LAKE, "Trouble On The Street Corner", *Common Sense*, 5-43.

"Isn't God Upon the Water . . . ?"

Of the several accounts related by members of the Rickenbacker party, perhaps the most spiritually moving is that of Lieut JAMES C WHITTAKER, 2nd in command of the ill-fated plane. The story, which he tells in We Thought We Heard The Angels Sing (Dutton, \$2.) reaches its climax with the sighting of a distant island. (It will be recalled that the three rafts separated on the 20th day, to enhance the prospects of rescue. This proved sound strategy. Capt Cherry was picked up the following day and an intensive search was launched for the remaining rafts. All were, as you know, rescued.)

I opened my eyes on our 21st day adrift to find DeAngellis shaking me as roughly as his failing strength would permit. "I think I see something!" It was no mirage. Across the horizon stretched a line of palm trees. I felt safe in assuming there was something substantial under those palms!

I broke out our two aluminum oars and began what was to be a 7½ hr pull to put dry land under our feet. My two raft mates were in pitiable condition. Just before noon we had reached a point 250 yds from shore. I had my mouth open to tell Johnny and Jimmy to start ordering dinner. Then something happened.

The boat careened, went out of control. We were racing back out to sea. If ever I have cried out in anguish it was then. I was done, finished, washed up. I called Heaven to witness that I was whipped. I looked at Jimmy, lying flat. I looked at Johnny, sick and exhausted. I tried to move my numbed fingers and aching arms. It was no use. Only a miracle could set our feet on that island. A miracle! I remembered the miracle of the rain on the 13th day. I remembered other answers to prayer. I remembered my God!

I cried out to Him to give me strength. I shouted it above the rising wind. Still shouting, I lifted the oars. I rowed.

Half-an-hr later I was still rowing—making progress. When the treacherous current had shot us out to sea, I had been powerless to hold the boat against it. Now I

was overcoming that current.

I was overcoming it in the face of hazards that hadn't beset me before. The rising wind had brought a deluge of rain. An oar jerked and turned in my hand. I glanced in time to see a dirty gray form 12 ft long. Sharks! Not droll dullards. These were man-eaters. If they should attack the raft, we were gone.

"God! Dont quit me now!" I breathed my final prayer.

The prayer I uttered was more than desperate. It was anguished supplication. I was calling to my God who alone could save us. The answer was immediate and miraculous. Strength surged back into my shoulders and arms. I slashed at man-eating sharks with the oars. I was rowing again. Bending those aluminum oars against the white caps. I say it was I who was bending them. That isn't true. Of himself, Jim Whittaker couldn't have bent a pin.

I am considered a good boatman and I am naturally strong. Yet today, fully recovered in strength, I would hesitate to tackle that stretch of water. Then, I was thoroughly exhausted and there were three weeks of thirst, hunger and suffering behind me. It was a miracle, and I recognized it for what it was. . .

The miraculous strength that had come to me out there in the storm sustained me until our bow grounded soundlessly. It was our first solid land in three weeks. The time was 2 p m, Nov 11, 1942.

"You do as I do when I've done a really good job—just stick him up in the window as an advertisement!"
—Grit.

ETHICS

It seems incredible—35 million laws, and no improvement on the Ten Commandments!—Banking.

DRINK—Drinking

The shoemaker, a Temperance man, was passing an inn one night when the landlord emerged struggling with a hefty customer.

"Give me a hand to get Bill home" he urged.

"Not I" chuckled the shoemaker,



"The College of The Future"—STRINGFELLOW BARR (Pres St John's College) Abridged from N Y Times Magazine, 5-9-'43.

One thing is glaringly clear: Our people do not want college education offered only to those who can pay for it. It took a people's war to force home this point.

Faced with a possible bottleneck in officer material, the War and Navy dep'ts chose their own prospective officers, regardless of economic status, and are sending them to college.

Will our people willingly permit college education to again become an economic privilege? I doubt it.

But can America afford it? That question was asked when education at high school level was made free. We claim to be fighting for the freedom of the individual. There is a fifth freedom we had better think about—freedom from folly.

We shall have to remember that no country with universal suffrage can afford a foolish electorate. For a fool and his freedom are soon parted. If we want to make education free to all, we can do it.

We need remember that the average college student, even if he is a millionaire, now pays only a fraction of what it costs to educate him. The rest comes from taxes, endowments, donations.

But should we not limit our education opportunities to what the teacher calls "college material"? Not if we know what is good for us! We shall be less concerned to know which of our sons and daughters prove "teachable" than to discover a curriculum suitable to all free citizens. A favorite phrase of instructors is "education for leadership", but most of our citizens are going to be followers. We want them to have enough understanding to pick good leaders and to practice eternal vigilance while they lead.

News of the New

MEDICINE: We've had a good deal to say in recent past concerning subs for blood plasma, suitable for transfusions in shock cases. One product that has now reached commercial stage in Calif, is a pectin, made with the juice of ripe lemons. Lemons are chopped and pressed into a pectin solution to which soda and aluminum chloride are added. Hydraulic press removes water, leaving pectin in powdered form for shipment.

" "

POST-WAR: An assured development, after the war, is plywood furniture—a real boon to husbands whose wives have mania for rearranging the living-room. Large upholstered chair, now weighing around 80 lbs, should be reduced, thru use of plywood, to less than half present bulk—the little lady can easily handle love-seat, or even a sofa on her own. Yet furniture will stand more stress and strain than at present.

The new synthetic rubbers are being made impervious to body oils—the evil that "takes the life out" of elastic. In practical terms, this means that post-war girdles and garters should last, conservatively, twice as long as in the past.

" "

VISION: Navy has determined that "cat's eye" vision can be acquired to marked degree; has set up training center for lookouts. Course is given in dark room, reproducing wartime conditions at sea. Training stage represents 90 degrees of horizon on which there are scale models of enemy ships.

" "

VITAMINS: Discovery of an anti-anemia vitamin—a new substance of the Vitamin B family—is announced by U of Mo. The existence of such a substance has long been suspected. It may well account for that elusive quality that makes spinach "good for you." Tests thus far have been confined to baby chicks but it is hoped soon to establish an application to human nutrition.

Food For Thought

Here's the menu for the dinner preceding the opening session of the internat'l conference to feed starving millions:

Crabmeat cocktail, Panama. Chilled cantaloupe. Cream of celery soup, Dauphine. Consomme Madrilene. Mushroom omelet. Maine lobster in casserole Newburg. Fresh shad roe saute Meunier. Broiled spring chicken hoteliere. Roast guinea hen with currant jelly. Fresh peas a Petuve. Sliced carrots in butter Gauloise. American fried potatoes. Parsley new potatoes. Romaine and endive salad Lorenzo. Peach pie. Orange wine cake a la mode. Stewed fresh cherries. Pistachio ice cream. Camembert cheese. Coffee.

GRACIOUSNESS

After Mrs Roosevelt had made a public speech, on her recent visit to the British Isles, an elderly lady came forward and said:

"I hope your sons who are serving will all come home safely."

Mrs. Roosevelt thanked the lady, and asked: "Have you any relatives in the war?"

"Yes, I have a son who is a soldier in the Middle East."

"May I ask your name?" said Mrs Roosevelt as a gesture of courtesy.

"Montgomery" was the reply.

It was Lady Montgomery, the mother of the Eighth Army's commander.—*Financial Post (Canada)*.

POLITICS

Politics is the art by which politicians obtain campaign contributions from the rich and votes from the poor on the pretext of protecting each from the other.—*Oscar Ameringer, Townsend Nat'l Weekly*.

RATIONING

Rationing of foodstuffs has given some trying moments to adv agencies, who need the products for photographic illustrations. One agency couldn't even get the loan of a photogenic ham from the packers. Finally, a hotel had to bake the ham, loan it to the agency, which took it to the photographer under heavy guard.—*Printers' Ink, 5-9-'43*.

Confidentially thru a Megaphone

The USO officials haven't said anything about it publicly—and aren't likely to—but it is a fact that they are none too happy over the course of events which, in some localities, provide that our women soldiers share in facilities set up for the servicemen. They say privately that they can and do exercise discretion and discipline with respect to girls selected to entertain the men who frequent USO centers. However, if a center is open to women in service, discrimination is both dangerous and distasteful. And it is intimated that the behavior of an occasional individual feminine soldier, while not highly objectionable, may not be all that could be desired.

The soldiers are telling *Yank*, the Army newspaper, that while V-mail forms are perfect for writing Aunt Gussie, they prefer their sugar reports (love letters) in the conventional form where space limitations are not so rigid. . . . Now that women are in armed services. War Dep't is calling for stricter enforcement of that section of Nat'l Defense Act that provides against civilians wearing official Army insignia. So many women have rushed to buy pins, wings, hash marks, etc., that there's a snortage for soldiers. Violators of regulation may get 6 mo's in jail or \$300 fine. Watch out!

Victory gardeners who seek convenient alibi for not cultivating their backyard plots on Sunday afternoons, have a good out in fact that most states have neglected blue law proscribing common labor on Sabbath.

Sure as Joe Carter tried to put aside a little for a rainy day—came calamity. Last wk, Joe donated a pt of blood to Red Cross blood bank. Same day, he became ill, required a transfusion—and had to draw out two pints!

SELF-INTEREST

As an experiment, 503 women college students were each given a fountain pen and asked to write anything on the paper before them. The check-up showed 460 had written their own names.

Men were just as self-centered. Shown a map of the U S, 447 in 500 looked first for the location of their own home towns.—*Coronet*.

SUCCESS

Nothing recedes like success.—From an ad of Radio Station WNEW, N Y C.



The ideal life is in our blood and never will be still. Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes contented with the thoughts he is thinking and the deeds he is doing—where there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do.—PHILIPS BROOKS.

TIME

Killing time is not murder—it's suicide.—*Modern Digest* (Canada).

TIMELY TOUCH

"This is our new skin lotion" says the sales lady, pictured in an *Esquire* cartoon. "It gives your hands that smart, rough welder's look."

VICTORY GARDEN

Keep the name in mind. Surrender to weeds, bugs, heat, sore muscles—and it becomes a Defeat garden.—*Pathfinder*.

American Scene

Melancholy Moon'ers

Somewhere in Northwest North Carolina—The war is doing what Federal alcohol tax units agents, known hereabouts as "revenooers," have been trying to do for a long time: It's drying up the mountains.

You can drive for miles now and never see a mountaineer sitting on a stump beside the road to sell you a batch of his moonshine.

It was not so before the war.

The chambers of commerce don't say so, but the range of the Blue Ridge Mountains which skirts northwestern North Carolina and continues on through South Carolina and into Georgia, is the reputed and actual center of "liquor blockading" in the United States. The term "blockading" is used to describe all that industry which illicitly distills intoxicating beverages, known variously as moonshine, white lightning, sugarhead and corn.

The Federal Alcohol Tax unit has figures to prove this area the center of blockade. The natives have known it all the time.

But those who have a yen for moonshine soon may be unable to obtain their favorite brew. The last two years have seen a decrease in blockading by at least 40 per cent, according to data released by Frank C. Crow, assistant supervisor of district five of the Federal Alcohol Tax unit. The district covers North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland and the District of Columbia, with headquarters in Baltimore.

Crow explains that agents cut down 181 stills in North Carolina in February, 1942, while only 101 were destroyed in February, 1943.

"But this does not give the entire picture," he continues, "for the outfits our men have destroyed in recent months have been of considerably smaller capacity than those found in operation prior to the war."

He set forth these causes of the drop in moonshine production:

1. Scarcity of raw materials directly employed in the manufacture of the liquor—sugar, corn meal, wheat chop and other minor ingredients.

2. Rationing of gasoline and rubber, which created transportation difficulties for the bootlegging end of the industry.

3. Induction into the armed services of many former blockaders. (The Army now accepts a known blockader with no more than one conviction, provided he meets other requirements).

4. Forsaking the illegal pursuit by many to take jobs in war industries, where wages compare favorably with returns from blockading.

Of all effects of the war, that upon the price is perhaps the most pronounced. Before the war, blockades sold to bootleggers at \$1 to \$1.25 a gallon—\$5 to \$6 per 5-gal can. Now, a 5-gal can of moonshine brings \$30 to \$40 at the loading site.—*From an AP dispatch.*

WAR—Purpose

Why doesn't somebody utter a frank definition of what we're fighting for? Aside from democracy, and liberty, and such—pretty loose terms—our basic objectives are things like undimmed street lights, permission to keep home temperatures unhealthily hot, and two-inch steaks on Tuesdays. Why not dangle such baits in front of us?—*Adv & Selling*, 5-43.

WOMEN—in War

The receptionist at a beauty parlor rec'd a telephone call from a man with a gruff voice, who identified himself as a sergeant in the Marine Corps. "I'm phoning" he said "to make an appointment for Maj Streeter. The Maj would like a finger-wave and a manicure at 4:30." . . . Yes, it developed that the Maj was Maj Ruth Chaney Streeter!—*N Y Post*.

GEMS FROM Yesteryear

Roast Pig
CHAS LAMB

While Charles Lamb began his literary career as a poet and, with his deranged sister, Mary, wrote four juveniles based on the Plays of Shakespeare, his *Essays of Elia*—from which this selection is abridged—present his most durable bid for fame. He was born in London, in 1775; died, 1834.

Mankind, says a Chinest mss which my friend M., was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for ages ate their meat raw. The art of roasting was discovered in the manner following:

The swine-herd Ho-ti one day left his cottage in care of his son Bo-bo, a lubberly boy, fond of playing with fire. The lad let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw . . . The cottage was consumed by flames, and, much more important, along with it a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs.

Bo-bo was in utmost consternation. While stooping to feel one of the pigs for sign of life, he burnt his fingers. Too cool them, he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Thus, for the first time in his life (or the world's life, for that matter) he tasted burnt pig.

And so, hours latter, the swine-herd Ho-ti found his son sitting amongst the embers. "O, father, the pig!" exulted Bo-bo, "taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently. As often as the sow farrowed, the house of Ho-ti was in a blaze. The idea took wing and presently there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear. People built slighter and slighter every day until it was feared the science of architecture would be lost to the world. Thus the firing of houses continued until a sage arose who made a discovery that the flesh of swine might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without consuming a whole house.

Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

Gen'l Henry H (Hap) Arnold, the Army's air chief chuckles over his encounter with a young pilot, in the early fighting in Tunisia. This lad had bagged so many enemy planes that Arnold suspected he had some previous experience in aerial warfare. He asked:

"What uniform did you wear before you came over here?"

"The blue and gold, sir" replied the pilot.

"Whose colors are they?" asked Arnold, puzzled.

"Roxy theatre, in N Y" said the flyer. "I used to be an usher before the war, sir."—DREW PEARSON, *Washington Merry-Go-Round*.

I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

DAVID MORTON EDWARDS

President, Friends University

A hunter down in Maine captured an elk, and being an enterprising chap, conceived the idea of putting it on exhibition, to make some money.

Amongst the prospects at the box office one afternoon, the exhibitor noted a man, his wife, and so many children that he grew dizzy trying to tally them. "Are they all yours?" he asked incredulously.

"Oh yes," beamed the citizen. "Sixteen of 'em. Do I get a special family rate?"

"Well, I'll tell you" pondered the owner of the exhibit, "I'm going to let the whole bunch of you in free. I figure it's worth as much for my elk to see your family as it is for your family to see my elk."

A neighbor asked the wife of a retired minister if her husband wasn't getting a little deaf. "A little?" replied the lady, "Why last night he led family devotions kneeling on the cat!"

Few baseball managers got as much out of their players as the late John J McGraw, of N Y Giants.

Baseball players are notoriously superstitious, and most agree that an empty bbl is a sign of success.

At one time, before a crucial series with the Cubs, the Giants fell into a slump. One day McGraw entered the locker-room smiling broadly. "Our troubles are over, boys" he called cheerily. "I just saw a truckload of empty bbls."

That afternoon the team made hits at will off the Cubs' pitchers. The following day, the 2nd baseman announced that he had seen some bbls. Again the Giants pounded the Cubs. It was the same story in the final two games.

The players were rejoicing in the locker-room after the last game when a big fellow wearing a trucker's apron came in.

"Where's McGraw?" he demanded. Told that the mgr had just left, the trucker growled, "Well, I want my money. I've been driving my truck past here with empty bbls for four days, and I want the pay he promised me!"—E E EDGAR, *Famous Fables*.

WISECRACKS of the Week

I reckon folks could still carry on a pointless conversation—providin' they didn't mention food.—TODE TUTTLE.

" "

A woman is clever when she makes a man think that he knows a great deal more than she does.—Alexander Animator.

" "

You can lead a salesman to water, but you'll probably disappoint him.—Phoenix Flame.

